Stauka an Varaga.

To which are added,

The Tralee Girl.

The Beagles Adventure,

The Engliſh Slave & Turkiſh Lady.

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The Rakes Frolick, or Stauka an Varaga.

THROUGH nations ranging, raking elements,
Spending my days in peace and fellowſhip,
Oro, and plenty good ſtore,
In each company fill your bumpers high,
With pleaſing jollity toaſt the laſſes free,
Oro, and drink to your ſtore.
Through Munſter I rov'd with jovial company,
Rowling in ſport, reſorting pleaſantly,
In each barony through the country,
Boozing heartily, cruiſing gallantly,
Oro, and pleaſure golore.
Es Buohileen faſt ha ſaar arr chanoſagh,
Da hanigh oan Moniſter faulhe ee yhallo ioom, Oro, gus thouir dhum pog
Neer vadah lume eihe Ueenthe er liooba lath
Cuſh thieva varileh én eenthing maraga,
Oro, es da ylaning da ſcore.
Prabig noor ſee agus leenther knogarea,
Gallim oam chree ga niolhodb a tharigid,
Thiogh a ſaggarth es bemeeſth cagiithe,
Mo vouhill cahſhagh ſheen er liobba lume.
Oro, es na ſcar lume gidhio.
When firſt I ſet ſail to range the barony,
From ſweet Farihy to Kildorary,
Oro, and from that to red chair.
It's there the fair maids do treat me heartily,
With full glaſſes free and impartiality,
Oro, the truth I'll declare,

On the high road to Caſtle Oliver,
I met a coaxing roving froliker,
Her mode denoted ſhe was a Palentine,
She wore deep ribbons her cloaths in faſhion
ſir,—— Oro, her love ſhe received.
Boadha ma raee, three claar na Banaba,
Oan ra Chariges dhan thraid ſhin Chaſnal,
Oro, es ga drelicch ra ſlordh.
Na danea vhan rith ſhin na knaulioh chal-
lings er,
Da har da vaccaſa an erraen's an arrigadh,
Oro, es da nearing neas moe,
Been affran leh faule gagh law o haggirth aun
An maraga's faar yau laulau ſathaugh thin
aun,
Oro, we had Whiſkey galior,
Staidh van calkes es ee er liabba,
Mydhen d eaſs es mea a veh na hanca ſhea,
Oro, da baith ea mr ſkiole.
There I perceived her ſtate and ſtature,
Her ſtately carriage and face moſt flattering,
Oro, ſhe wounded me ſore
There I engaged her cloſe in garriſon,
In the cavern where ſhe followed me,
Who'd refuſe ſuch boozing laſſes free,
With whom I'd chuſe to cruiſe moſt gallantly
Win or loſe I'd ſcourge them heartily,
Their curioſity drowns all poverty,
Oro, tis time I adore.
Voulas me laave le ſtauka an varaga,
Hagaſſa marthan ga braugh na carring lea,
Oro, es nie yeaning gadhio,

Baar lume agum ee na eſtate na banada,
Na croan na Saſaugh, es moer ydldh Allabin.
Oro, es dah nearing nees moe.
Ma challias an eelan da vie an a muallen gum
Pheelimea a reeſth a caun three ſhaughthinea
Beengh a tharigadn creeng a dhaſkea guth,
Oro, es buckum a roadh.
It was on a day where play was publickly
With great pleaſantry mirth and jollitry,
Oro, and dancing alſo.
While we were ſkipping and kiſſing heartily
Staka an varaga aſide ſhe carried me,
Oro, ma chree Saun Roe.
It's into a chamber neat ſhe follow'd me,
Told me her Peas was fit for traſhing free,
To tell you in plain I taſted them certainly,
My flail ſhe fractur'd I'm teaz'd with doctors
fee,—— Oro, which makes me condole.

The Tralee Girl.

IT happened one day as I walked the road,
I met a fair maiden and aſked her abode,
She ſmilingly replyed & made anſwer to me
Indeed I was born in the town of Tralee.
I aſked her how far ſhe intended to go,
She ſmilingly ſaid ſir indeed I don't know,
My mamma ſhe bid me come back ſpeedily,
And return quick again to the town of Tralee
And as thro' the fields together we did
walk, (talk,
This maiden ſaid to me, ſir you've pleaſant

You think you can coax me with humours
so free,
But you're miſtaken, tho' I'm from Tralee.
I ſaid my dear female, if you'll come
with me,
To Limerick city a ſhow you ſhall ſee,
I'm a young rake that would freely agree,
To lay you down ſoftly tho' you're from
Tralee.
O fie, Sir, take care, or you'll rumple
my gown, (down,
I'll buy you a new one, and ſtraight laid her
My mammy will beat me, I'm young, Sir,
you ſee,
Ne'er fear that, my dear, tho' you're from
Tralee.
I play'd her a tune that ſhe lik'd very well,
She never did return her mammy to tell;
In love we continue, and well does agree,
They ſent me 50l. from the town of Tralee.

Under the Roſe; or, the Beagles Adventure.

I AM a bo'd Sportſman that's prone to all
merriment
The hills and the vallies I often do reſort,
He covers and breaks them I range in my
element,
The hare when in ſeaſon is ellegant ſport;
I eſpy'd a fair maid with her pail and ſhe
milking ſheep,
Sitting on the plain near a ſweet ſhady grove:

She wink'd at me moſt earneſtly, that I might
ſtop my Beagles three,
For the game I was chaceing was under the
peticoat.
And when I conceiv'd that the game was
convenient,
I gave my 3 beagles the word of command,
They being well train'd to hunting all ſea-
ſons,
Whilſt I was ſerneading the foremoſt did
ſtand,
My ſetter ſpy'd a hare in center of a ſpacious
glin,
Near to a pleaſant bower where flowers do
ſhew;
Then I cried *Tally ho*! my tarriers fell
bouncing
Soon they were confounded under the Roſe.
Soon after the chace my poor beagles re-
treated,
As they were quite jaded from ranging the
grove,
The ſpacious plantations were ſo entertaining
Which made me eager ro range them once
more,
The pleaſant vallies I travers'd and beat a-
bout,
But in the lower corner I crowned all my
ſport,
No huntſman in this nation could tell the
danger,
Attended my poor beagles under the Roſe.

So early next morning as Phæbue was
adorning,
With hounds and with horn I cried *Tally ho!*
I mounted my Mare with her tail in good
order,
The rein to the quarters I quickly let go,
To humour the game when the hare I dis-
cerned,
The chace was ſo charming with harmonious
ſport
I though to defeat her by ranging the ar-
bours,
My beagles they were loſt at the grand Sali-
port.

The Engliſh Slave and Turkiſh Lady.

SIT you down, and liſten a while,
I'll tell you a ſtory will make you ſmile.
'Tis of a Turkiſh lady brave,
That feel in love with an Engliſh ſlave.
A merchant-ſhip in Briſtol lay,
As we were ſailing o,er the ſea,
By Turkiſh rovers taken were we,
And all our men made ſlaves to be.
They bound us down in irons ſtrong,
Whiped and laſhed us all along,
No tongue can tell I'm very ſure,
What wee poor ſailors do endure.
Sit you down and liſten a while,
And hear how kind fortune did on him ſmile.

It was his good fortune for to be,
A ſlave unto a rich lady.
She dreſſed herſelf in rich array,
And went to view her ſlaves one day,
Hearing the moan the young man made,
She ſtept unto him, and thus ſhe ſaid.
What country-man kind ſir are you,
An Engliſh-man madam i'ts true,
I wiſh you were a Turk, quoth ſhe,
And I would eaſe you of your ſlavery.
If you do become a Turk,
I'll eaſe you of your ſlaviſh work,
And I myſelf to be your wife,
I would love you as my life.
No, no, no, no, madam, ſaid he,
Your conſtant ſlave I chuſe to be,
Before I would my GOD forſake,
I would be burned at ſtake.
So to her chamber the lady went,
And paſt the night in diſcontent,
Reſolved ſhe was by the next day,
To eaſe him of his ſlavery.
They ſailed away to Briton's ſhore.
With jewels, diamonds and great ſtore,
To friends and parents ſhe bid adieu,
By this you ſee what love can do.

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